



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following poem, by the celebrated Professor Porson, was communicated to us by a friend, with the permission of Doctor Edward Percival, of Dublin.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

FROM his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A walking the Devil was gone,
Just to look at his snug little farm the earth,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
He strutted along the plain,
And backwards and forwards he switch'd
his long tail,
Just as a gentleman switches his cane.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill beside his stable ;
" Oh ! oh ! (quoth the Devil,) this puts me
in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel."

He saw an apothecary on a white horse
Ride by on his vocation,
Which put him in mind of his old friend
—Death in the Revelation.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-
house,
A cottage of gentility ;
The sin of all sins which the Devil likes
best,
Is the pride that apes humility.

As he pass'd by the Cold-Bath Fields,
He peep'd into a solitary cell,
And the Devil was pleas'd, for it gave him
a hint
For improving the dungeons of Hell.

He saw a Turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome blade,
" Nimble (quoth the Devil,) do fingers
move
When a man is pleas'd with his trade."

He saw the Turnkey unfetter a man
With but little expedition,
Which put him in mind of the long de-
bates
On the slave-trade abolition.

He popt his head into a rich bookseller's,
Saying, " Sir, we're both of one College,
For I myself like a cormorant once
Sat perch'd on the tree of knowledge."

He saw a pig right rapidly
Adown the river float,
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat :

Old Nicholas grinn'd, and switch'd his tail
With joy and admiration,
As he thought on his own child Victory
And his darling babe Taxation.

General Gascoyne's fiery face
He view'd with consternation,
And back to Hell his way he did take,
For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,
'Twas the general conflagration!

TO PORTIUS.

PORTIUS, farewell, thy love is o'er,
Yet let us part in amity ;
May Heaven its choicest, richest store
Of blessings, Portius, shed on thee.

But know, I too can conquer love,
Can calm the agonizing sigh,
Thy image from my breast remove,
And chide the tear that fills my eye.

SONG.

WHEN first my Sandy talked of love
I was not quite sixteen,
But soon, too soon, his power I felt,
And knew what love did mean.

Yet still whene'er he urg'd his tale,
I blushing turned away,
And strove to hide my secret thoughts,
While Sandy thus would say :

" Ah why, loved girl, this cold reserve,
Which in thy looks I see,
Thou know'st I love thee, then, my fair,
In pity smile on me."

At length his ardent prayers prevail'd,
My hand I did resign ;
Now I am his, let what will come,
And Sandy thou art mine.

A MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

LITTLE Lydia, darling child,
Cherub infant, baby mild,

While thy little eye-lids close
 In rosy sleep, in soft repose,
 Each opening charm my time beguiles,
 Quivering lips, and angel smiles,
 Outstretched hand, and heaving breast,
 Murmuring sighs, but half exprest:
 Oh ! emblem sweet of all that's fair,
 Innocence devoid of care ;
 Scarcely reason's dawning light
 Beams in these eyes, so blue, so bright,
 But when she shines with broader beam,
 O ! may the virtues be thy theme :
 May thy footsteps never stray,
 In folly's path, from wisdom's way :
 Then the hope and joy thou'lt be
 Of parents who now doat on thee.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

THE underneath verses were twice offered for publication in periodical prints of this city, but they appeared with a variety of incorrections ; should you think them worthy a place in your collection, your giving them insertion, will oblige

Dublin, 1815. AMICUS.

SONG.

Air—"GARRYONE."

I.

OH ! the heart that's by ruthless intolerance led,
 Whilst the tempest of bigotry rages, may smile,
 But then, ah ! let the tear of compassion be shed,
 O'er the errors of men, and forgive them the while.
 For, how dark soe'er our fortunes be,
 If we're rul'd by mercy's sacred sway,
 Round the soul, from gloomy rancour free,
 The beam of enjoyment will fervently play.
 Oh ! then, IRISHMEN, heed not the malice of knaves,
 Nor your pity withhold from th' intolerant mind,
 For the wages corruption bestows on her slaves,
 Cannot equal the sting which remorse leaves behind !

II.

While we blame the poor dupes, the poor fanatic crew,
 Who their prejudice please, and leave country aside,

Shall we rank with such fools, and indulge hatred too,
 Or be men,—and forgive them with true Irish pride ?
 Oh ! his morals 'tis, and not the man,
 That will share th' abhorrence of the just,
 And if our dear island love we can,
 Bear love to her sons, tho' unworthy we must !
 Oh ! then, IRISHMEN, heed not the malice of knaves,
 Nor your pity refuse the intolerant mind,
 For the wages corruption retails to her slaves,
 Cannot equal the sting which remorse leaves behind !

SONG.

Air—"THE BROWN IRISH GIRL."

I.

ERIN, sure thy artless lay,
 Dear to kindest sympathy,
 True to tend'rest tones of love,
 Stole its note from world's above !
 Yes ! oh yes ! 'tis Heaven to hear
 Strains to heavenly feeling dear,
 Wok'd by angels like to thine ;
 Oh ! the anthem is divine !

II.

Lives the bosom can deny,
 To the soft complaint—a sigh ?
 Or refuse compassion's flow
 To thy hero's song of wo ?
 Oh ! celestial is the spell,
 Breathing thro' thy plaintive shell !
 Ev'n his heart to grief responds,
 Whilst the dark foe seals thy bonds.

III.

Like the tears which cherubs shed
 O'er a pious mortal's head,
 (Mingling pity's dew with love !)
 If a crime his weakness prove :
 ERIN, while thy numbers die,
 On their lip's the gen'rous sigh
 To thy feuds devoutly giv'n,
 By the fav'rite fair of Heav'n !

IV.

Wilt thou—wilt thou ne'er invite
 Union's morn and Freedom's light ?
 Must thy feuds, thy tyrant's pow'r,
 Cast in gloom thy fairest hour ?
 Must thy daughters weep in vain,
 Brothers weaving discord's chain ?